

## THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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**THE BEST IN THE NORTHWEST.**  
The Standard's news service is the most complete. It has patrons in every part of the Great Northwest. Its carrier service includes Anaconda, Butte, Helena, Missoula, Bozeman, Livingston, Phillipsburg, Granite, Great Falls, Deer Lodge, Dillon and all other important points.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1895.

## As to Methods.

It is a question of methods, not of men. Just at the peak of day, last Friday morning, two toughs lacked little of pounding the life out of a member of the police force in Butte. Officer Baldiero was the central figure in the affair—he can thank his lucky stars that a hearse is not drawing him today to his burial; he escaped death by the merest chance.

There doesn't appear to be any dispute about the facts. If the published accounts are true, the officer stepped up to the bar of a gambling house, took his glass of beer, got into a row, lost his club, was robbed of his revolver and went away with a battered scalp that was in evidence, yesterday, in proceedings which were brought in police court under a charge of "assault with intent to kill."

This charge did not stick. We are glad of it. We understand that the assailant on the officer was a law-down vagabond. But what business has a police officer, during the hours of duty, to be found standing at a bar and drinking beer? The public, in whose pay he is, has a right to assume that he was as full of beer as anybody, and that he sought the quarrel which, by a happy chance, missed murder, Friday morning. Our opinion is that no police officer has a defense when, while on duty, he walks up to a bar and permits any man to buy him a drink; that isn't the obligation for which the people pay policemen.

They say that Officer Baldiero is a good man. No officer is worth wages who gets into a scrap like that of Friday morning. The officer's detail may have been to look to the gambling houses, but there is not a reputable police force in the United States where an officer, when on duty, steps to a bar and drinks.

It is, we repeat, a question of methods, not of men. Butte has a miserable police service, not worth twenty cents on the dollar, if account be taken of its cost. That is true of other cities in this state. The service is bad, and it will be bad until sensible methods for the operation of an efficient force are inaugurated. In the present instance you have a police officer who, during the hours of duty, narrowly escapes death. Yet the police court in his own town cannot take care of him against an assault to kill him. This conclusion would be laughable were it not so serious. Our sympathies are with Officer Baldiero, but the result serves the system just right; the time will come when a policeman, during the hours of duty in Butte, will lose his place with promptness if the proofs of a row show that he was leaning up against a bar and drinking beer.

Without question, this officer was assailed by curs who ought to be punished, but, in any well-ordered city, the first thing that would happen, on an inquiry into the facts, would be the retirement of the officer. We doubt whether that will happen in Butte; the methods in Butte are wrong.

## Ups and Downs at Kiel.

The demonstration at Kiel had its share of mishaps toward which our own navy contributed its quota. At first rumors came to the effect that the boiler of the steam launch Columbia had exploded, carrying away the smoke stack and involving injury to several members of the crew. It now appears, however, that the San Francisco was the victim of the explosion, and that the injury to craft and crew was not of great account.

This mishap might be the more mortifying to Americans, since the Kiel canal exhibition was a dress-parade affair—were it not for the fact that one of the English cruisers went wrong by running aground, thus interfering with the pomp of the parade which had been outlined by a Kaiser who is nothing if not exacting; and that, besides, one of the Italian warships, if the press dispatches are true, got into a collision and thus interfered with the orderly progress of the parade that signified the formal opening of the Kiel canal. Best of all is the assurance that, as the result of the demonstration of last week, no disaster of account remains to be recorded.

It is so easy to go wrong at sea. Two years ago to-day the English battleship Victoria came into collision with the Camperdown off Tripoli. It was, like the affair at Kiel, a promenade performance. It happened in quiet waters; but down went four hundred seamen,

the list of the lost including Sir George Tryon, commander of the fleet.

They say that the loss of life at sea is singularly small. Yet, when disaster comes, as in the case of the Victoria or in the more recent case of the Elbe, its proportions are apt to be appalling. The little mishaps that attended the opening of the Kiel canal may easily be accounted for under the ordinary doctrine of chances.

Meanwhile, it is patriotic to express the hope that the next friendly demonstration of the navies of the nations may be in testimony of the formal opening of the Nicaragua canal; what a splendid consummation that would be!

## It Leads Them All.

The Montana strawberry is about to have its inning. The California berry comes to bat first in this region. It is prized principally for its novelty and exceeding high price. After it comes the Utah berry, which is somewhat better but which also to a great extent travels on its shape. Then comes the Oregon berry, a wonderful improvement on everything that has preceded it. The Hood River strawberry is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy for two or three weeks. The Montana berry comes last, but it is first in the estimation of all good critics. Where shall be found a sweeter, juicier, more luscious fruit than the berry of the Bitter Root or the valley of the Gallatin? The people of Montana do not eat real strawberries until the natives are in the market, and the contrast they present to the half-ripe or over-ripe products that are brought in from other states is amazing. The nearness of Montana's strawberry beds to our markets may account for the superiority in part but not wholly. The Montana berry challenges the world in size, in redness, in beauty, in firmness, in saccharinity, in every quality that contributes toward perfection.

## As a Means of Grace.

"The Bicycle As a Means of Grace," was the subject of a sermon preached in New York City last Sunday by the Rev. R. S. Dawson. The reports of the sermon in the New York dailies are not so full as could be wished, but enough is given to show that the Rev. Mr. Dawson does not hold to the doctrine that the bicycle is an instrument of the devil, but rather that it is something that can be, should be and in largest measure will be dedicated to the service of God and humanity. Mr. Dawson does not believe with the Women's Rescue League of Boston, that everybody who mounts a wheel, particularly every woman, is in imminent danger of taking the broad road and riding straight to Helena. On the contrary, if people will keep to the right they will find first-rate wheeling in the straight and narrow path and will reach the golden streets of heaven in good time and right side up. We are not sure that the angels ride bikes, they are supposed to have means of locomotion of their own superior to anything of the kind. But if a scraph ever should wish to rest her wings and take a little leg exercise she will find the wheel the proper carter.

It appears that several clergymen in New York city and its vicinity preached on the bicycle last Sunday. The board of school trustees of Flushing, L. I., had voted that bicycle riding was an improper form of exercise for women. Three Flushing school marms were called before the board and reprimanded for wheeling to the school house in broad daylight. The trustees told their teachers it wasn't a dignified proceeding, that their example was conducive of immorality in the school, and that they must give up either their wheels or their jobs. Then the ministers took the matter up and the consensus of pulpit opinion seems to be that the bicycle is all right both for women and men, and that the opposite doctrine is senseless conservatism. The Rev. John L. Scudder, of Jersey City, even advocated the use of plain knickerbockers for women on the wheel. Bloomers, he said in his sermon, are "inherently unbecoming" and must eventually give way to "voluntuous knickerbockers." Mr. Scudder maintained that "neither Chicago aldermen nor Episcopalian bishops could restrain women from doing as they please in this matter." And Mr. Scudder might truthfully have added "or any other."

The Rev. Mr. Dawson went even farther than the Rev. Mr. Scudder. He says the skirt is positively improper as a part of the bicycle costume for women. He longs for the day when woman will "free herself from the slavery of the skirt."

The attack upon the skirt is turning the tables on the anti-bloomer people and is designed to put them on the defensive. It's a very merry war withal, but nobody is getting hurt. Meanwhile, all the world is going bicycling, and let it go. Bicycling is all right for man, woman and child, and the pruders of the two hemispheres might as well quit their nonsense.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer is making some investigations into the relative cost of running the governments of the United States and Great Britain. The civil and miscellaneous expenditures proper of the United States government, exclusive of interest, Indians and pensions and also, of course, of army and navy appropriations, were for 1894 placed at \$102,165,471. The estimates for the corresponding expenses in Great Britain were \$163,000,000. In the same year the war department estimates for the United States aggregated about \$55,000,000, while those for the seven times larger army of Great Britain were about \$100,000,000, including pensions. The pension outlay alone of the United States is 40 per cent in excess of the total army and pension expenditures

of Great Britain. The navy expenditures of Great Britain for the year foot up nearly three times those of the United States. The ordinary expenditures of the year of every description in the United States were about \$5.80 for each head of population, and in Great Britain about \$14.20 for each person in the United Kingdom.

## Fears for Utah.

The Minneapolis Tribune is worried over what it fears is a deep game being played by the Mormons of Utah. It doubts whether polygamy has really been stamped out, and whether the Mormons, with all their protestations of good faith, have any intention of stamping it out. It publishes a letter from Ogden, in which the writer says:

And polygamy is just as bad as ever. A well known bishop and his next highest officer are living in polygamy, openly and notoriously, all the time, and the officials know all about it, but if they did anything they would lose the votes of the church. I have held several positions myself, being deputy registrar and post juror. I have lived here eight years. If Utah ever becomes a state, it will be a black spot on our country and all patriotic editors should arise and do their duty by publishing to the world the acts of such a low, ignorant set of uncivilized beings. Hoping you will publish this in your paper, and to show my good faith I sign my own name to it, although I will have to skip as soon as it is known.

This letter is evidently the production of a man with a grievance, and the bitterness of his attack, the coarseness of his characterization of the Mormons as "a low, ignorant set of uncivilized beings," impugns the accuracy of his allegations. The constitution prepared by the recent territorial constitutional convention and to be submitted to the people of the territory for adoption next November, contains the most stringent provisions against polygamy. In the convention the Mormons, as we understand it, were in control and adopted the sections on polygamy willingly and even enthusiastically. We do not believe that the Mormon church as such has longer any intention of performing or countenancing plural marriages either openly or secretly; and even if it has, the laws against the practice will be so strict and the disposition felt by at least the gentle population of the state to enforce them will be so unanimous and sincere, that polygamy will be forced out. The gentle element is very strong and from the nature of things its strength is bound to increase. With such men as Judge Goodwin still on deck we think it entirely safe to entrust Utah with statehood.

In very many colleges and universities this year's commencement oratory has been entrusted to one orator of years and experience to the exclusion of speeches by the graduates. Yale is the latest to drop the time-honored institution of graduating orations. This innovation will without question be received with great favor by those who attend the commencement exercises. As observed in the old style, commencement exercises at Yale and other American colleges have been fatiguing in the extreme and wearisome to a degree that had little if any relief. The orations of the members of the graduating class while perhaps interesting to their relatives and friends are not interesting to the general public and have in the largest degree tended to contribute to the dullness of the commencement. There are plenty of interesting events during commencement week at American colleges, but commencement exercises proper, after the old style, are not among them.

**MONTANA'S BICYCLE GIRLS.**  
There was a girl in Helena, And she was wondrous wise, She jumped into her bloomer dump, And said "Ally there, my size!"  
Now when on bike she took a spin, To light a cigarette, She scratched a match just like a man— She's built that way, you bet.  
There was a young girl of Big Timber, Rather too stout to be slim, She put on some bloomers, And they say there are rumors That she feels considerably number.

"O Butoous maid," the young man cried, "You wheel along with me, my dear, So they wheeled together in the eventide, With nobody near to see.  
And as wheeled up close, on mischief bent, And slowly slackened the pace; And they kissed such a smack that over they went, And he got a wild kick in the face.  
There was a fair maiden of Boulder, So pretty that no one could scold her; But she started to ride And her wheel took a slide— And she was a sight to behold, sir!"

Maid of Deer Lodge, ere we wheel, Tell O, tell me, how you feel; Though stars are blazing up above, The cool night air may chill you, love. You're wondrous fair in your dainty hose, But I think you'd better wear more clothes.

**MONTANA'S WILD BEASTS.**  
While out in the mountains a week or so ago, Jacob Corot killed the largest mountain lion that has been ever seen in this part of the country. The beast measured 11 feet from nose to tip of tail and 12 inches between his ears. Bent Hansen, who was along with Mr. Corot, says the lion would weigh close to 300 pounds, and pronounces the hide the largest and finest he ever saw.—Darby Sentinel.

Fred Foster has his prairie dogs nearly domesticized, and they now live happily in the backyard of Sipe's barber shop, and all seem pleased with their new home.—Yellowstone Journal.

V. N. Stough was in from Unity on Thursday. Mr. Stough has a fine pack of stag hounds, which he uses for killing coyotes. They caught four out of a pack of five the other day.—Meagher County News.

Wolf and coyote pelts still continue to be brought in. They are mostly young ones that have been dug out of dens and killed, though one man brought in a live pair to have their ears punched.—Choteau Montanan.

County Clerk Sayre has been figuring up the number of wolf and coyote skins punched for the bounty in his department since March 29, and finds the total reaches 2,773 pelts. About 200 of these were subject to the provisions of the old law, the animals having been killed before the bounty law went into effect.—Fort Benton River Press.

As he was traveling along, having shot the heads off several birds, Neal espied a large crow, or crow, or crow, bearing on a side hill about 75 yards away, turning over stones in search of bugs and mice. Being too thorough a sportsman to let a chance like that go by, Neal began to shoot. The old bird hardly knew what to do as the first bullet went just over her back and the second just underneath her, but when one struck her in the side she had made up her mind as to her course of action, which was very rapid and in the direction of the hunter. Neal concluded that the best thing he could do about that time was to climb a tree.—Helena Herald.

Wolves seem to be killing more stock than usual this summer.—Sun River Sun.

M. B. Rademaker has added to his collection of curiosities a couple of young gray wolves, which attract the attention of passersby. They are mild of countenance and modest of demeanor, and don't look as if they would ever steal sheep.—Billings Times.

A monster mountain lion occupied a position of honor on the express car on yesterday's eastbound Northern Pacific train.—Billings Times.

The papers of Flathead county claim that there is more horse stealing now going on in that section of country than ever before.—Hamilton News.

The coyote is an animal that is noted for its audacity, but we think the most audacious trick ever played by one of these sly animals was witnessed from the corner of Main and Sixth streets forenoon, and it was with dumb-founded surprise that a small group of gentlemen standing there saw one of these animals slyly emerge from the alley near Bach's bottling factory, turn the corner of Sixth and Palmer, and then disappear from view. It is a sure thing that some one will be shy of chickens, when the next census is taken.—Yellowstone Journal.

**MONTANA AND MONTANANS.**

Billings has clearly established her claim of being a wool market instead of a field for the speculation of commission men, and the change is beneficial to all classes—and especially so to the wool growers, who are reaping the advantage.—Billings Gazette.

Snow and ice in June is a condition that the average Montana farmer is not used to and does not know how to circumvent. There are some things snow and ice will not particularly injure, but garden truck is not among them. After a fellow has planted his garden over about three times he is apt to pause and wonder how long this thing is going to keep up.—Dillon Tribune.

June rains are doing what they can to make up for the lack of moisture during the winter and spring. They are needed for the crops, though unusually low temperature is not such a favorable factor.—Bozeman Courier.

When it comes to holding up the reputation of their town by capturing prizes, the Belt boys and girls are away ahead of any other camp in the west.—Belt Valley Times.

Our aim and our intentions are to impress on the people the advisability of being fully prepared for political rascality at the hands of the old world pettifoggers, shysters and their ill-edged side partners, the political hacks of the country. They are already at work putting up schemes by which they can be politically advanced one year hence. All they have to do right now is to draw what little they can from the county treasury in divers ways by which they may eat and when the day of the convention arrives they will be up and smiling in the front row, begging for any thing from the highest to the lowest position in the gift of the convention.—Basin Times.

Some blasted hoffer of the Canadian side has asked Governor Rickards to pardon some British Indians who were caught slaughtering game in this country contrary to law, and who were convicted. The worthless redskins of the Northwest Territory have killed thousands of deer in Montana and a few years ago defied the authorities. They would rob cabins and drovers' camps and laugh at the helpless settlers. Now the Americans along the border are sufficiently numerous to give the renegade reds the medicine they need. The appeal of the Northwest officials is useless. Let them keep eating and drinking at home.—Columbia Falls Columbian.

Every time Major Martin Maginnis is disposed to feel badly over Montana electing two republican United States senators, he changes his mind by reading his thoughts and gleefully recalls the fact that Joe Toole didn't get there either.—Deer Lodge New Northwest.

Should this style of weather continue, Montana will have a complete change of seasons—spring in summer, beginning the latter part of July; summer in the fall, autumn in the winter and winter in spring.—Missoula Republican.

Our Tom Carter is not receiving the most flattering treatment at the hands of the eastern press. No doubt he will be depicted as chairman of the republican national committee as soon as action can be taken. But this will not prevent him from expressing his views on the money question.—Fergus County Argus.

**MEN AND WOMEN.**  
It is said that Corot, the painter, used to give needy artists paintings which he had done, and would tell them that by skillful bargaining they might get 12 francs for each of them. One of these paintings was recently sold for 40,000 francs and another for 12,000 francs.

Although Secretary Olney pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Owney," he has a brother who sticks to the old-fashioned way—Olney.

Julia Ward Howe says that Longfellow was a good deal of a dandy in his youth. His linen was immaculate, and he paid particular attention to his collar.

Representative Hitt has so far recovered from his severe illness that he will, in a few days, leave Washington to make an indefinite stay at Naranget.

Mr. Olney's first act as secretary of state was to hang a playcard on the front door of his private office with the inscription, "Next Door." This was significant, for "next door" leads to the secretary's office.

Father Harney Denny, the priest who is said to have converted Mrs. Ogden Golet to Catholicism, was originally a Protestant. He comes of the famous Pittsburgh family of Denny's, and is himself a millionaire.

The marriage of Miss Lowery of Wash-

ington and the Duke D'Arcos, Spanish minister to Mexico, which is soon to take place, will terminate an engagement of 20 years, until very recently opposed by the bride's wealthy parents.

Mrs. Perrine, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, was at Gray Gables this summer when most needed.

Miss Mary Rosa Sartoris, daughter of Nellie Grant, recently experienced quite a severe injury by a fall from a bicycle in Washington.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Morris, pastor of the First Methodist church at Birmingham, Ala., has his congregation "by the ears" for roughly denouncing card playing for prizes. He said in his sermon last Sunday that if the officers of the law did their duty many of those gamblers would be arrested.

**NOTHING SERIOUS.**  
Dismal Dawson—How do you stand on the financial question? Everett West—I am a little bit puzzled. I ain't sure whether it means 16 beers for a dollar or 16 gallons.—Indianapolis Journal.

The hand that rocks the cradle can also scare the world out of its wits with a bicycle bell.—Detroit Tribune.

The world is at the feet of her Who does the dance and song. Provided only that she keeps Her feet where they belong.

—Exchange.  
The sidewalks of Atlanta are beginning to grow green with watermelons. All you need in Georgia now is a sharp knife and an appetite.—Atlanta Constitution.

He called himself a dead game sport. He hunts, so it is said, With rod and gun and trappings brave, For game already dead.

—Detroit Tribune.  
Officer McWart—Here, now! It is again the law to ride that wheel abn the sidewalk. Beginner—"But I am not riding; I am only trying to." "Bejabbers, then, Oi will run ye in for givin' an akkyrobatic exhibition widout license."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Nell—I wouldn't be in 'your shoes for anything. Belle (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them, my dear.—Somerville Journal.

She had smiled on him all winter, And had given him a splinter Of hope on which he thought that he could lean; But as soon as it was summer She blomed out as a hummer, And her manner after that was real mean.

—Detroit Free Press.  
**DOWN TO DEATH.**  
The ball-room is filled and its splendor dices. The magical mazes of waltz and quadrille, The dancers are drunk with the odor of roses And melody's pulsing, passionate thrill. Beautiful stranger, bewitching, entrancing, Bosom of jessamine—violet breath, Give me your hand, dear, and let us go dancing, Dancing merrily down to death.

Trippingly tread to the mystical measure, Why should hands tremble and lips grow white? Drink while you may from the chalice of pleasure. Who knows but the dance may be ended to-night? Life is still luxury—love still enhancing, Drink to the dregs with your warring breath!

And shout a hurrah for the heart that goes dancing, Dancing merrily down to death! Misery lurks in the by-ways and corners, Sorrow is in the hurrying throng, Here are the rioters—here are the mourners— There is the shadow and here is the song! Bows are still beautiful, bright eyes are gleaming.

Dash to the winds what the sorrower saith; Here's to the heart that goes merrily dancing, Dancing merrily down to death. Laugh! for the time draws near for weeping! Sing! for the hour of our silence comes! Shout! for a stillness is steadily creeping Out of a darkness that chills and numbs! Give me your hand while our pulses are prancing. Shout us this song with your wildest breath! Here we go dancing, dancing, dancing, Dancing merrily down to death!

**New Game Law in London.**  
People are forbidden to destroy wild birds within the four-mile radius of London by a recent order of the county council.

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We will send you FREE the formula of the celebrated Turkish specialist, Professor Iren Hirk Kehay, who for many years was Physician Extraordinary to His Sublime Highness the Sultan of Turkey. This is the same formula as used by the late Professor Mehot of Paris, and is now being used daily with the most wonderful results in our own practice.

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And your entire system will be rebuilt and rejuvenated under its wonderful influence. It can be filled in any good drug store and nothing will be sent you O. D. All we ask in return for this is 10 cents in stamps, and if convenient, the name and address of one invalid, either man or woman. Your name will not be mentioned, if desired. We will fill it of best ingredients for \$1.10, including postage and formula; will last forty days and most positively cure any German and English Physicians.

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50 Pieces Fancy Light and Dark Colors, Duck 16½¢ Cut Price 12½¢  
2½ Pieces Fancy Light and Dark Colors, Duck 12½¢ Cut Price 10¢  
1 Case Short Length Standard Prints, worth 6½¢.....Cut Price 3½¢  
50 Pieces Outing Flannel, worth 6½¢.....Cut Price 5¢  
30 Pieces Outing Flannel, worth 8½¢.....Cut Price 6½¢  
20 Pieces Dark Colors, Percale, worth 15¢.....Cut Price 10¢  
All wool Cashmeres 38 inches wide worth 75¢.....Cut Price 60¢  
All wool Henriettas 38 inches wide worth \$1.00.....Cut Price 75¢  
20 Pieces Fancy all wool Suits, 40 inches, worth 75¢ Cut Price 70¢  
10 Pieces all wool Serge in Black, tan and gray 10 inches wide worth 8.00.....Cut Price 75¢  
10 Pieces Imported Fancy Plaid Suits 38 inches wide, worth 75¢.....Cut Price 50¢

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